

RESTORED CHILD HAPPY IN HOME AMID POVERTY

Mabel Conklin Who Was Sold
for \$5 Not Dazzled by
Luxury.

"NO MORE DAY-DAYS."

Once More the Chatter of the
Baby Brightens Her Foster
Parents' Lives.

Little Mabel Conklin, who will perhaps have long forgotten when she is a grown woman that she was once sold outright to strangers for a \$5 bill, stroked the much-begrimed fur of a once-white teddy bear on the kitchen floor of her home to-day while her mother, silent and thoughtful, smiled between her tears as she realized that her youngster had been restored to her from the unknown into which she had only a week ago been thrust that she might not be a burden to the poor household.

The father, John Conklin, who was searching for employment 10 days ago when his wife secretly advertised that poverty compelled her to give her three-year-old daughter into a home where she would be cared for, puffed on an old pipe as he mused that fortune had smiled on him doubly, for he had back his old job only a day or so ago, and was rejoiced because the little family had been reunited.

Somewhere in the suburbs are two women, mother and daughter, who although they agreed to provide little Mabel with a good home and gave five for possession of her, heeded the words of the despairing mother and the youngster without disclosing their identity.

"I shall never leave me," Mabel, no matter what befalls us," said Mrs. Conklin as she fastened a blue ribbon to the little girl's golden brown hair. "When she was only twelve days old, I adopted her without knowing anything of her parentage. I soon grew to love her and wanted to raise her as my own child when John was thrown out of work and our money was all gone. I thought Mabel would be better off if I could give her a good home for her, and that she should not be made to share our poverty and suffering."

MISSED THE CHATTER OF THE CHILD.

When two strange women, who said they lived in the country but would tell them nothing more of themselves, came to see me and asked me for the child on Sunday week, I was struck favorably by their appearance and agreed to let them have her. As they departed they threw a five-dollar bill on the table and promised to bring Mabel to see me on Wednesday.

"But they had hardly gone when I missed the child, for her incessant chatter was all there was sometimes to drive the worry from my mind, and I became ill and went to bed. Wednesday came and the child was not brought to me, so on Saturday I placed in The World this advertisement:

TO SAVE mother's life, bring back baby. Conklin, 504 West 130th st. Yesterday The World printed the story of my parting with the child and used her picture. Hardly had I been handed the paper by a neighbor this morning than the door bell rang and the two strange women to whom I had given the child walked into the sitting room and handed her to me.

"As soon as Mabel saw me she began to scream, and I collapsed. When I was able to speak the women berated me because I had relented of my bargain, and said they could put me in jail for selling a child not my own. But they have gone, and Mabel is with me again, and I shall never part with her."

LITTLE GIRL FEARFUL OF BEING TAKEN AWAY AGAIN.

The child became alarmed at the sight of tears streaming down her mother's face, and rushed into her arms uttering: "Is it gone away again, mother?" It was all Mrs. Conklin could do to keep sobbing long enough to assure her child that she would never leave her mother again.

The youngster held her arms tightly about her mother's neck until the father, almost overcome himself by his wife's emotion, took little Mabel into his lap and told her that she should never see the two women again. Then he put the little girl on the floor, gave her the two little toys she had since she was a year old, and motioned his wife to retire to her bedroom.

"I didn't dream that my wife would go to such an extent when I lost my job as starter at the car barns and when what money we had," said Conklin, "but I could not bear to be hard on her when she broke down under the thought that we would never see the baby again, and have not upbraided her very severely."

"I had almost given up hope of seeing Mabel again when suddenly this morning my wife ran over to the barns with the youngster in her arms, shouting that the strangers had brought our little one back."

"I got excited and hurried them back home, but my wife's condition was such that I took her and the child over to the home of her mother, Mrs. Cummings, at No. 54 East One Hundred and Thirty-third street."

"There Mrs. Cummings waited until my wife had calmed down, and then she and I went to her home, and she gave her a good lecture for her foolishness. A good friend helped to calm my wife, and I hurried back to the barn, leaving Mrs. Cummings to look

If a Girl Goes Out to Dine With a Man Why Shouldn't She Foot Half the Bill?



"A MAN MUST SPEND TWO-THIRDS OF A WEEK'S EARNINGS IN ONE NIGHT" WRITES A FOREIGNER.

"Frank B. T." Brings Out a New Point for Discussion—"A Foreigner" Asks Why a Man Should Give Two-Thirds of Week's Pay for Few Hours of Girl's Society.

BY NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH.



NIXOLA GREELEY-SMITH

If a girl likes to go to the theatre or to dinner with a young man and does not wish to be placed in a position of possible disadvantage, why should she not pay half the expenses of the treat?

A young foreigner communicates this interesting suggestion as the solution of the problems that confront "Discouraged Girls" and discouraged young men in New York. According to his theory, money is the root of all evil, even the twin evils of the female flapper and the male masochist. It is the desire of our young men and women to shine in the great national game of bluff that causes girls to talk of automobiles and millionaires, to wear loud clothes and speak with the tongues of megaphone men, and that prompts \$25 a week young men to spend a week's salary pretending to the girl they take out to dinner that they are Rockefeller or Morgans.

It will be interesting to hear what the New York girl has to say to the suggestion that she divide the dinner check and by that process make her self immune from the suggestion of any other reform.

But any assistance or to go perhaps reform as enthusiastically as it perhaps deserves.

YOUNG MAN'S SUGGESTION TO DISCOURAGED GIRLS.

Here is the young man's letter: Dear Madam: I tell you frankly if I were a young girl—that is, a reasonable, intelligent young woman in a good position—I would rather do something else than to give up a good job for the doubtful joy of getting married to a young fellow with the average income of \$25 or \$35 a week. It may be all right in story books—that they say about love at first sight and the making of a nice little home for oneself—but when it comes to real living in the little hole, don't ask the housewife to wear the same dress or to wear the same dress the whole year round, it looks rather like a foolish idea.

Young girls have more freedom in this country and are in better positions and better paid than in any country in the world, but I don't know any other country where the young girls are so crazy about getting married as in the United States. And I don't see any special reason for it, because I consider the conditions for a bachelor girl in this country much better than in others.

If a girl is reasonable and wise—she need not be very pretty and attractive because those girls are very seldom reasonable—then she keeps her eyes open to find a good fellow who respects her, in whom she can have the greatest confidence and to whom she might go in joy or sorrow, always certain that he would understand her and be willing to help her when she was in trouble. In other words,

out for them. They spent the day with her.

HER ADVENTURES REMAIN A MYSTERY.

His wife told of the room, Conklin tried to get the child to tell him something of her guardians-for-a-week. But the youngster's mind was on her toys, and she would say but little.

"Where did you go with the two ladies, Mabel?" the father asked. "Went day-day, to see grandma," replied the youngster, as she reached for her teddy bear and gave him a hug. When her father pressed her further she simply chuckled and asked for "mamma."

Conklin was unable to learn from the child whether or not she had been in a train or trolley car, and bright as the youngster seemed she was apparently unable to tell him anything that happened during her absence.

In returning the child the women spoke something about having bought for her about twenty-five dollars' worth of new clothing, which they did not bring to Mrs. Conklin, however. "It was given candy, doll and nice coat," was all little Mabel recalled on this score.

When The Evening World reporter tried

to an unsolicited testimonial to the joys of matrimony contributed by a married man who says:

Dear Madam—I do not know if you or the readers of your column in The Evening World will be interested in an expression from a young married man, but in justice to the old-fashioned young girl and the many young men permit me to enlighten a few of the inexperienced who might accept the statement: "C. B. J." that married life is out of the question unless a very substantial bank roll is in hand.

I married a girl from an excellent family of large means, but I had nothing except a good reputation and a fair position which paid me \$150 per month, with very little saved up. Two months after marriage I was informed my services were no longer required, and I was obliged to take up temporary employment which paid me only \$50 per month. Of course we had to economize, but I was fortunate in having a wife who knew the value of a dollar, a real helpmate, and we managed to get along nicely for seven months before I was able to better my position. We did not run in debt and did not borrow a dollar, and I am sure of that.

I simply wish to give this bit of experience to show what can be done if necessary, and I am confident that the average young woman would be willing to economize and do her part toward the establishment of a home if the young man will do likewise.

But in speaking of the average young woman I do not refer to the ones we see about the streets and elsewhere who for lack of brains put everything on their backs to attract some well-meaning young man, but I do refer to the WOMANLY YOUNG WOMAN whom we come in contact with daily, the OLD-FASHIONED GIRL who gives ample evidence that she knows the value of a dollar, and who would make an ideal wife.

R. C. H.

A HOPEFUL STENOGRAPHER AND A YOUNG MAN'S PROTEST.

I close to-day's discussion with a hopeful letter from a young woman stenographer and a protest from a young man who says it is unfair for girls to expect men to exchange two-thirds of a week's salary for a few hours of feminine society and conversation. What do the young women think about this?

Dear Madam: I am a stenographer, and have seen a good bit of business life—how fellows and girls dress and spend to the very last cent of their weekly salaries and

even draw some of next week's just to make a "hit." But a fellow who respects a girl just as he would have another fellow respect his own sister or mother does not generally select a girl who boasts that "I didn't give any of my pay to mother this week, for I needed it myself for clothes and fun."

The decent, refined girl knows enough to ignore the existence of the "corner loafers" and Johnnies; and would never cultivate the acquaintance of any one to whom she had not been properly introduced.

As to flirting. A girl who flirts "just for fun" generally is a girl who likes "a good time" at some one else's expense, but a girl with sense generally thinks it over and then does not do it. Cheer up, girls, we can all be good if we care to be, and we do care.

STENOGRAPHER.

Dear Madam: As far as my experience reaches—and I have studied nearly half a dozen nations—the trouble with New York girls is that they are too extravagant and selfish. They want "a good time," and whenever they are convinced a man will spend lots of money on them they are ready to take it and spend it on the same medicine and die in agony four hours later.

A FOREIGNER.

THE BUSINESS MAN

who sits at his desk all day working under artificial light is peculiarly subject to eye strain and other eye discomforts.

If desk work causes you eye discomfort, have one of our Oculists (registered physicians) examine your eyes and tell you whether or not a pair of Resting Glasses, for use only at your desk, will relieve the strain you put upon your eyes.

The examination incurs no obligation to buy or to pay.

Resting Glasses \$2.00 or more a pair.

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Oculists and Opticians

54 East 23rd St., near Fourth Ave.

27 West 34th St., bet. 5th and 6th Aves.

64 West 125th St., near Lenox Ave.

442 Columbus Ave., 81st and 82nd Sts.

70 Nassau St., near John St.

1009 Broadway, near Wilby, Bklyn.

689 Fulton St., opp. A. & S., Ukiya

507 Broad St., near Hahn's, Newark

The blaze, aside from giving the police reserves a little extra work, did only \$10 damage.

Small Blaze in Their Home Near East Side Hospital Causes Excitement.

A midnight fire at No. 308 East Broadway, occupied by the nurses of the Jewish Maternity Hospital, sent twenty young women scurrying out in their night clothes.

A crowd collected and the girls hastily disappeared. Then it was discovered that next door to the dormitory, at No. 307, lived Aaron J. Levy, lawyer for Libby and Shapiro, in the Rosenthal murder. Almost instantly a rumor got through the crowd that thevengeful gamblers had set fire to the house in an effort to kill the lawyer. An investigation showed that Mr. Levy had not been in danger at all.

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WOMEN, IN PANIC, TRY TO JUMP AS FIRE THREATENS

Second Blaze in Maiden Lane
Arouses Suspensions of Battalion Chief Binns.

Five hundred men and women, crowded about the machines in the six-story cigar manufacturing establishment of John W. Merriam & Co. at Maiden Lane and Water street, were thrown into a panic at 10:30 o'clock this morning when a fire started in the five-story oil and grease store of W. R. Winn adjoining at No. 143 Maiden Lane. John Carey, eighteen years old, a helper in the Winn establishment, had a narrow escape from death, following an explosion. He was severely burned about the hands and was removed to St. Gregory's Hospital.

The fire started on the top floor of the oil and grease store and spread so rapidly that the entire building was soon a mass of flame. Five engine and two truck companies were called, but the blaze was so stubborn the firemen were more than an hour getting it under control.

Many of the women in the Merriam establishment, fearing a second explosion, were about to jump from windows when halted by the firemen. For half an hour there was intense excitement, and thousands of persons lined the streets in the vicinity.

Carey was at work alone on the floor where the blaze started. He was unable to explain what caused the explosion. All of a sudden, he said, and without warning, there was a burst of flame about him, and he had to run for the stairway for his life. When he reached the street he was exhausted. A policeman helped him to the hospital. Adjoining the Winn store is the oil and grease store of A. C. Belden & Company, which also caught fire. The damage to both establishments was estimated at \$10,000.

SUSPICIONS AROUSED BY MYSTERIOUS SECOND FIRE.

After the firemen had extinguished the blaze in the buildings at Nos. 143 and 145, and were about to leave the scene, a brilliant fire was discovered on the fourth floor of the five-story building adjoining at No. 141. The discovery of the second fire followed the disappearance of a man whose peculiar actions in running in and out of the building attracted the attention of the firemen.

This second blaze shot through the top two stories of the building, entirely destroying a quantity of leaf tobacco in the John W. Merriam Company had in storage there. The first and second stories of the building were occupied as a tobacco warehouse by Morris Rosenberg & Co. These suffered damage by water. The total loss of the second fire was approximately \$2,000.

Chief Binns, after making an investigation and determining that because of the intervention of a heavy fire wall the fire in the second building could not have been communicated from the first conflagration, notified the Fire Marshal, who in the same medicine and died in agony four hours later.

Medicine Killed Two.

(Special to The Evening World.)

GLOSTER, Miss. Aug. 6.—Mrs. T. T. Berryhill, wife of a prominent planter, last Saturday gave medicine to her grandson which she believed to be calomel. The child died. To-day she took some of the same medicine and died in agony four hours later.

BONWIT TELLER & Co.

SPECIAL SALE OF

New Charmeuse Dresses

For Women and Misses

WOMEN'S DEPARTMENT—2d FLOOR

Charmeuse Dresses..... 18.50

Tailored models with flat collar and inset vest of white silk; high crushed girdle and side sash. In navy and black.

Charmeuse Dresses..... 29.50

Tailored model with flat collar and white silk inset vest; new full length sleeves; in black, taupe, navy and white.

Charmeuse Dresses..... 35.00

Pannier and draped skirt models, variously trimmed with fine laces and contrasting silks; high girdle effects.

Charmeuse Dresses..... 49.50

Adaptations from imported models, exclusive styles not shown outside of this establishment.

MISSSES' DEPT (SIZES 14 TO 18), 3d FLOOR

Charmeuse Dresses..... 14.50

Tailored model with plaited lace ruffle and cuffs; in navy, black, taupe and white.

Charmeuse Dresses..... 18.50

Draped tunic model with white silk collar and Ropespierre lace frill; in navy, black, taupe and white.

Charmeuse Dresses..... 25.00

Demi-tailored model with flat lace collar and lace vestee; in taupe, navy, open, white and black.

Charmeuse Dresses..... 35.00

New pannier and draped skirt models in tailored and trimmed effects. Copies of imported styles.

Fifth Avenue at 38th Street

POLICEMAN KILLS SELF, DEPRESSED BY LIFE OF "COP"

"Everybody Thinks We Are Crooks," Lamented James Tobin in Suicidal Mood.

"Everybody thinks a cop's a crook. You can't be on the force and remain a free man."

Mounted Policeman James Tobin, who up to a year ago was one of the select men of the Traffic Squad on duty on Fifth avenue, but for the past ten months relegated to the black wilderness of College Point, voiced this judgment in the back room of a hotel bar at College Point late last night, then drew his service revolver from his holster and shot himself through the head. He died in Flushing Hospital at 5 o'clock this morning.

Tobin rode up to Geib & Heineken's hotel at Fourth avenue and Seventeenth street in the remote Queens suburb about 9 o'clock, tied his horse and walked through the bar to a rear room, where he ordered a meal and beer. John Farrington, a local blacksmith, who knew Tobin, sat down at his table while the policeman was eating his meal. To him Tobin talked in a despondent vein, as he had done several times recently, about the police scandal over the Rosenthal killing.

"A man might as well be dead as be a cop," Tobin sighed. "When you are on the force everybody is always watching you to get something on you; they're always laying to report you for something. Then if you get off the force everybody hounds you, anyway. They think that you were fired off for crookedness and that you're still crooked."

Farrington tried to cheer Tobin, but the policeman became more and more dejected. Though he did not refer directly to the Rosenthal murder and the resultant suspicion directed against certain ones in the Police Department, Farrington believed that those were the matters weighing on the policeman's mind. It was just after Tobin made the remark that "everybody believed a cop to be a crook" that he pulled out his revolver and sent a bullet through his brain.

Dr. A. S. Ambler, the coroner, whose home is near the scene of the suicide, was hurriedly summoned and an ambulance was sent from Flushing Hospital to bear Dr. Kraus. When the unconscious policeman was removed to the hospital his wife was notified at the Tobin home, No. 12 Seventeenth street. She hurried to the hospital, remaining by her husband's side until his death. Tobin, who joined the force Oct. 16, 1906, was thirty-five years old. He served with the traffic squad continually in Manhattan until October of last year, when he was transferred to College Point. There was nothing discreditable in his record.

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Carmem maintains its delightful scent and stays on all day long. Removes dirt and grease like other powders. Carmem softens and beautifies the skin instead of injuring it.

For White, Yellow, Pink, and Cream. Tinted Blue, 50 cents.

Carmem Cold Cream

Softens and softens irritated, rough skin.

White, non-sticky. Scented. 50 cents.

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Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price

Stop after dinner distressing indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pills, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature

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